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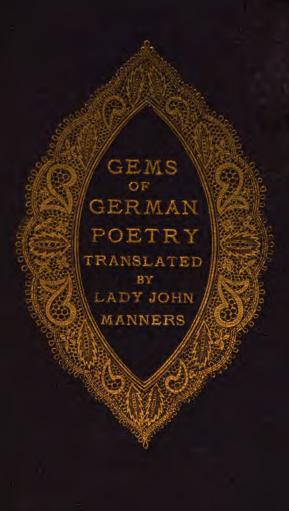
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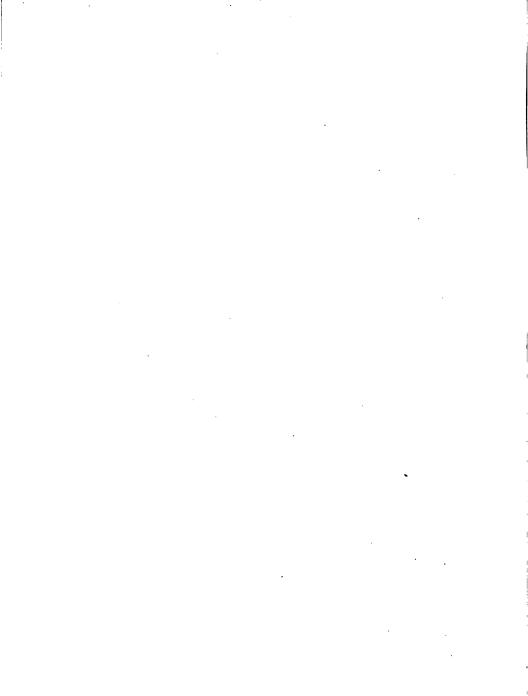


£185

G E M S

O F

GERMAN POETRY



GEMS

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GERMAN POETRY

TRANSLATED BY

LADY JOHN MANNERS

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLXV

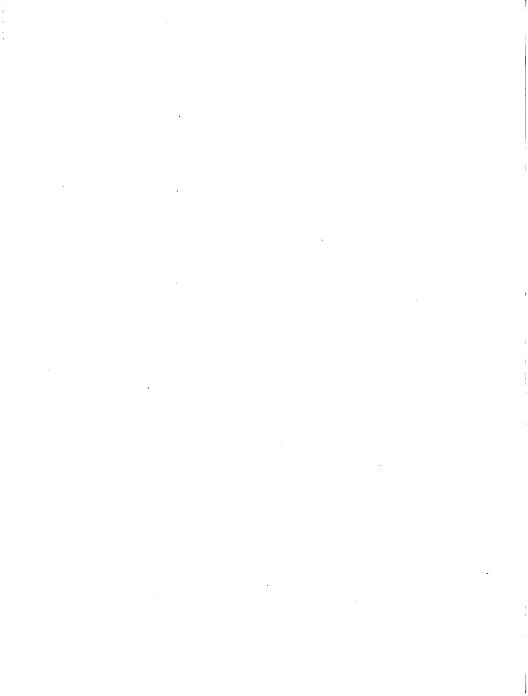


PREFACE.

THE Translator ventures to hope that some of these Poems may be regarded with indulgence by lovers of German literature.

She has in every instance endeavoured to adhere as closely as possible to the original; and it has been her object to give as literal a version as was consistent with any degree of harmony and rhythm.

ST MARY'S TOWER, BIRNAM, DUNKELD, N.B.



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GEMS

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GERMAN POETRY.

IN MOURNFUL HOURS.

STURM.

When, in gloomy days of care,
Doth thy weary heart despair,
And thou seest no comfort nigh,
In thy chamber refuge take,
And thy lamentations make
To thy God, thy Lord on high.

Let the burning tear-drops flow,

And unfold thy bitter woe

In a simple, childlike prayer.

Open is the Father's ear;

He His suffering child will hear;

Cast on Him in faith thy care.

If for thee is meet relief,

He will take away thy grief,

While thou sleepest, be thou sure;

If thy suffering may not end,

He His Comforter will send,

Who will teach thee to endure.

RESURRECTION.

GEIBEL.

When one, whom thou hast cherished long, hath died,

Seek with thy grief some lonely mountain-side— Some quiet solitude by wood or sea— Where solemn silence may encompass thee.

Soon wilt thou feel thine own beloved, who died, Risen again, doth still with thee abide; In shade, in sunshine, thou wilt feel him near, And deeper peace will spring with every tear.

More beautiful, the dead by thee will glide, By all the pangs of anguish glorified; More faithful, he will never leave thy side. The heart, too, hath its Easter, when the stone

Bursts from the tomb o'er which we made our

moan;

What thou for ever lov'st, is ever thine alone.

MY ANSWER.

No, seek not thou wood, sea, or lone hillside; Seek the sad homes where want and woe abide. Beside the bed of age and sickness stand; Unto the orphan tend a fostering hand.

Then surely the Belovèd One, who died, Will in the work of mercy be thy guide, And with deep tenderness and joy will see Each grateful look the sufferers turn on thee.

Oft as thine hand hath dried a mourner's tear, Unseen, a radiant angel will be near— The angel of thy life, the lost and dear.

When all things earthly fade before thy sight, Thou wilt behold thine angel, robed in white, Saying, "Arise with me to endless light."

MOTTO.

MOLKTE.

"Whatever is, is best."
This thought can fill the breast
With courage firm and high.
However dark the sky,
With dread be not oppressed—
"Whatever is, is best."

"Whatever is, is best"—
On this assurance rest.
Though, far away from shore,
The wild waves rage and roar,
Fear not the billows' crest—
"Whatever is, is best."

"Whatever is, is best."
Into the stricken breast
These words descend like balm,
Infusing heavenly calm;
Then, be not thou distressed—
"Whatever is, is best."

"Whatever is, is best."
The stroke may pierce thy breast,
But yet it was God's will;
Then be thou thankful still,
And say, "His name be blest:"
"Whatever is, is best."

O GOD! WHY WAS MINE HEART SO BLIND?

REDWITZ.

O Gop! why was mine heart so blind, So full of blank despair my mind? Child of a Father still the same, Words of the wood put me to shame.

O Lord, my Father, true art Thou, I as Thy child will bear me now; If joy or grief this bosom thrill, I know Thou wilt preserve me still.

Then welcome lonely woodland cot, Again will I be all thine own; God reconciles me to my lot,

He dwells with me—I'm not alone.

Again with cheerful, pious love
I to my wonted task will go;
There is a meeting-place above,
And God will keep me here below.

CONTENT.

Why should I ask for lands and wealth,
If but content be mine?
If God to me hath given health,
Then I will not repine,
But with a thankful heart will raise
At morn and eve my song of praise.

So many men great wealth possess,

Houses and lands have they,

Yet discontent doth them oppress,

And they are never gay:

More, more, demands each craving will,

In murmuring accents never still.

They call this world a vale of woe!

To me it seems so bright

That none without a share need go,
Of pleasure and delight:
The tiny bird, the little fly,
May revel 'neath the sweet May sky.

The woods, the hills, the meadows smile,

To bid our hearts rejoice;

The birds with happy songs meanwhile

Awaken Echo's voice;

To cheer day's labour sings the lark,

The tuneful nightingale at dark.

And when the golden sun doth rise,

When earth appears all gold,

When in the fields the rich crop lies,

And lovely flowers unfold,

I think, "This scene so fair and bright,

My God hath made for my delight."

Then praises render I to God, And think, with grateful mind, He is a gracious, loving God,

He unto men is kind.

Then let me sing with heart and voice,
And in the love of God rejoice.

THE SHEPHERD'S SABBATH-SONG.

UHLAND.

It is the Sabbath of the Lord;
In the wide plain I am alone,
One morning bell chimes forth its tone,
Now perfect quiet reigns abroad.

Adoring, kneel I here:
O secret awe! I thrill, and feel
As if a multitude did kneel,
Unseen, and praying near.

The sky, so vast and broad,
Is glorious on every side,
Almost as if 'twould open wide—
It is the Sabbath of the Lord.

WHEN IN DREARY, MOURNFUL HOURS.

NOVALIS.

When in dreary, mournful hours,

Do our hearts wellnigh despair;

When in sickness fail our powers,

When our breasts are full of care;

When we think of those who love us,

Of the agony they feel;

Nor through the dark clouds above us

See one ray of sunshine steal;

Oh! then God o'er us is bending,

Then His love to us draws nigh,

When to Him we prayers are sending

Comes His angel from on high—

Brings to us blessed consolations—
Whispers tidings from above;
Nor are vain our supplications
For the rest of those we love.

I SAW THE WOOD CHANGE COLOUR.

GEIBEL.

I saw the wood change colour,

The air was mute and grey;
I was half-dead with sorrow,
But why, could scarcely say.

Whirled from the autumn bushes

The leaves, so dead and dry:

"Thus became all thy pleasures

The wild wind's prey," thought I.

"Thy spring so full of blossom,
Thy richer summer passed,—
Upon the ice hard frozen
Now art thou fettered fast."

Then all at once re-echoed

A clear sound from on high:

It was a bird of passage

That to the south did fly.

Ah! when its waning pinions,
Its song fell on mine ear,
I felt a strange sweet comfort
Unto my soul draw near.

The passing guest reminds me,
As with clear voice it sings—
"Ah! soul of man, forget not
That thou hast also wings."

WHEN A FRIEND UPON THY PATHWAY.

GEIBEL.

When a friend upon thy pathway

Thee by word and deed offends,

Calmly think upon God's mercy

Which each day on thee descends.

O then bridle well thy spirit,

And thy kindling rage control;

Think how often God has pardoned

The offences of thy soul.

Thus, without complaint, be ready At all seasons to forgive, E'en as He is wont to bless thee

Each new day that thou dost live.

Yield Him praises, too, for lending
Thee His gift of song, with calm,
To refresh and soothe thee, ever
O'er thy bosom shedding balm.

BELSHAZZAR.

HEINE.

THE midnight hour was drawing nigh, Babylon in mute rest did lie.

But torches in the King's tower flare—His mighty men are revelling there.

Up yonder in the royal hall Belshazzar feasted his nobles all.

The courtiers sat in a glittering line, Quaffing their bowls of sparkling wine.

Swells the carouse—the goblets ring; It suits the humour of the King.

Then the King's cheeks like fire did shine— He drank defiance with the wine.

Blindly his passionate spirit outbroke—Sinful words against God he spoke.

Blasphemes he ever more and more, The courtier crowd approval roar.

The King a haughty mandate gave— To do his bidding hied the slave.

Vessels of gold on his head he bore— These from Jehovah's temple they tore.

A sacred goblet from the shrine
The monarch seized—it brimmed with wine.

The goblet to the dregs he quaffed— With foaming lips he spake and laughed. "Jehovah! mocking Thee, I cry, The King of Babylon am I!"

Scarcely the awful words were said— O'er the King's breast crept secret dread.

Ceased laughter shrill, ceased mocking breath— The hall became as still as death.

Lo! what on yonder white wall gleams?— Like to a mortal hand it seems;

And writes, and writes, the white wall on, Letters of fire—writes, and is gone!

Pale as death, with stony stare And trembling knees, the King sat there.

Cold, shuddering, sat the courtiers round—So still they sat, nor made a sound.

The magicians came, but not one of them all Could decipher the letters of fire on the wall.

But King Belshazzar that self-same night Was done to death by his men of might.

THE SPRING BANQUET.

W. MÜLLER.

Wно spread the fair white drapery, Out over all the land— The snowy, fragrant drapery, All fringed with a green band?

And who hath stretched out o'er it

The tent so blue, so high;

Beneath it, the gay tapestry

Which o'er the fields doth lie?

It was Himself who did it,

The rich, the bounteous Lord,

Whose treasures never lessen

Though constantly outpoured.

Twas He who decked the tables
Within His spacious hall,
And to His great spring banquet
Each living thing doth call.

They stream from every blossom—
From shrub and tree they pour—
Each blossom is a goblet
With fragrance brimming o'er.

Hear you the Host proclaiming,
"Come all that fly, that creep,
That roam earth's plains and forests,
Or swim the watery deep.

"And thou, thou heavenward pilgrim,
Thy fill of rapture drink,
And on thy knees low bending,
On Me adoring think."

ENCOURAGEMENT.

HALM.

BE strong, my heart, and calmly still
Bear what distresses thee;
Think such is the Almighty's will,
Which binds and which sets free.

And though His hand may smite thee sore,
Be patient, and be sure
Upon no shoulders He lays more
Than they can well endure.

He knows for thee what is the best,

He knows, and none but He;

He knows thou art with care opprest,

Therefore courageous be.

What boots thy wailing? Courage take,
And check the tears of woe;
The fires of anguish they will make
Only the fiercer glow.

And should thy tears in torrents flow,

And thou for years lament,

The time will come when thou wilt know

All was in blessing sent.

WHITHERP

STURM.

- "Whither, thou rushing stream, O whither?"
 "Down yonder my course must be;
 I will rest, because I am weary,
 Beneath the quiet sea."
- "Whither, thou blowing wind, O whither?"

 "Far away, far over the land;

 I will rest, because I am weary,

 Where rocky mountains stand."
- "Whither, thou wandering cloud, O whither?"

 "A barren country I know,

 And thither, because I am weary,

 To my place of rest I go."

- "Whither, thou fluttering bird, O whither?"

 "I fly to the deep wood now,

 To seek there, because I am weary,

 My rest on some lofty bough."
- "And thou, my soul, whither, O whither?"

 "High over the clouds above,

 There will hide me, because I am weary,

 The wings of Eternal Love."

THAT WHICH ENDURES.

STURM.

Love only is lasting,

Love only can guide
Us unto the dwellings

Where angels abide.

If Love did not travel
With us to that land,
Then, even in heaven,
We orphaned should stand.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

VON STOLTERFOTH.

THERE is no death! although to dust must crumble,

After its spring, the body's fleeting bloom. Yet after a short night, the soul, victorious, Will burst the narrow precincts of the tomb.

See life, in its all-glorious expansion, In yonder sky, as on the earth, the sea; Behold the grand unfolding of thy spirit, And doubt no more of immortality!

THE RICHEST PRINCE.

KERNER.

In the Hall at Worms were sitting
('Tis a tale of bygone days)

Many noble German princes—

Each his own domains did praise.

Spake the Saxon Prince, "Right noble,
Is the country I call mine;
In the caverns of its mountains
Ores of precious silver shine."

- "See my country's rich abundance,"
 Spake the Palsgrave of the Rhine;
 "Golden harvests bear the valleys,
- "Golden narvests bear the valleys,
 And the mountains generous wine."

- "Stately cities, wealthy cloisters,"
 Ludwig of Bavaria cried,
 "Make my land so rich, your countries
 Cannot rival it in pride."
- Wurtemberg's beloved master,
 Bearded Eberhardt, replies,
 "But small towns can boast my country,
 In its caves no silver lies;
- "Yet a jewel there is hidden:
 I can boldly lay my head
 On the lap of every subject
 In its woods, nor treason dread."
- Then the Saxon Prince, the Palsgrave,
 And Bavaria's ruler, cried,
 "Count, thy land is far the richest,
 Precious gems thy forests hide."

THE KING IN THULE.

GOETHE.

In Thule there was a monarch,

Quite faithful till the grave,

To whom his mistress, dying,

A golden beaker gave.

Nought he above it valued,

He drained it at each draught;

His eyes as oft brimmed over

As he the goblet quaffed.

When drew near his death-hour,
His kingdom's towns he told,
All to his heirs bequeathing—
All, save his goblet gold.

He sat at the royal banquet,

His knights around him all,
In the castle by the ocean,

His high ancestral hall.

His last cup of life quaffing,

There the old monarch stood,

And threw the sacred goblet,

Deep, deep beneath the flood.

He saw it plunging, sinking

Deep, deep beneath the sea,

And then down sank his eyelids.

Ne'er a drop more drank he.

THE FLOWERET WONDROUS FAIR.

SONG OF THE IMPRISONED COUNT.

COUNT.

I know a floweret wondrous fair,
And for it I am sighing;
Fain would I seek it everywhere,
But I'm in prison lying.
Not light, indeed, my weight of care,
For when I breathed sweet freedom's air
I had it then quite near me.

From this stern castle's steep ascent,
Mine eyes I'm ever straining;
But from the lofty battlement
No glimpse of it am gaining.

Whoe'er will bring it to my sight, Be he a peasant or a knight, Shall be my friend for ever.

ROSE.

I blossom fair, thy words I hear,
Beneath thy grating twining;
Thou think'st on me, the rose, 'tis clear,
Poor knight, in prison pining.
Thy fancy soareth high, I ween,
And certainly the flower queen
In thine heart also reigneth.

COUNT.

All honour to thy purple vest,

Thine emerald mantle lining,

Desired by every maiden breast,

Like gold or jewel shining.

Thy wreath adorns the loveliest brow, But not the little flower thou That I in secret cherish.

LILY.

The little rose aspires above,

And, proud, would fain be rising;
But still a tender soul may love

The lily, her charms prizing.

The heart that beats in a true breast,
As pure, as I'm by all confessed,

Must hold me dearest, surely.

COUNT.

I count me pure and innocent,Clear is my reputation;Yet here I languish, prison-pent,In lonely desolation.

Emblem of many a maiden heart, As pure and mild to me thou art, Yet know I something dearer.

THE PINK.

That surely must be me, the pink,

Here in the prison garden;

It must indeed mean me, I think,

I'm prized so by the warden.

A circlet of bright leaves I wear,

Shedding sweet fragrance in the air,

With thousand colours radiant.

COUNT.

Full many in the pink delight,

The gardener is her lover;

Now he will set her in the light,

Now from the sun will cover.

But 'tis no gorgeous flower like this, That fills the Count with secret bliss, It is a simple floweret.

VIOLET.

Concealed I dwell, and bending low,
And am not fond of speaking,
But silence will I break to know
If me, perchance, thou'rt seeking;
Then, good knight, if thou think'st on me,
I grieve I cannot waft to thee,
The most delicious fragrance.

COUNT.

Much the dear violet I admire,
"Tis such a modest flower—
So sweet; yet more do I desire,
In this my bitter hour.

And now I will to you confess, That in this rocky wilderness You cannot find the darling.

But yonder, by the stream below,

Earth's truest maid is sighing,

Her gentle bosom throbs for woe,

That I'm in prison lying;

Whene'er a floweret blue plucks she,

And whispers low, "Forget not me,"

I feel it, though so distant.

Yes, even in absence Love has might,
When hearts each other cherish;
And therefore in the dungeon's night
I live, and do not perish.
When my heart wellnigh breaks for woe,
"Forget me not," I murmur low,
And this to life recalls me.

FAITHFUL LIZZY.

FONTANE.

"O CEASE thy weeping, Lizzy mine,
After the rain the sun will shine;
When swallows build and lilacs bloom,
Or even sooner, back I'll come."

Thus spake the youth. With wistful sigh Gazed Lizzy from her lattice high, Till Hope returned with cheering beam, And bade her tears no longer stream.

Her eyes once more shone clear and bright,
The weight upon her heart grew light,
When bloomed again the lilac-tree—
She knew her true Love she would see.

Spring came with fragrance and with song, Poor Lizzy waited whole months long; The autumn wind swept o'er the plain, But all her waiting was in vain.

And many times the spring returned, But not the Love for whom she yearned; Yet always when the spring was near She cried, "Now he will soon be here."

Her heart, which still, though years had flown, Beat faithfully for him alone,—
That trustful heart could ne'er believe
Her best beloved would deceive.

Her face grew pale, and grey her hair, Age came, she knew not it was there; Her constant hope, her love, her truth, Kept in her heart perpetual youth.



And when Death took her to her rest,
Touched by the faith of that fond breast,
The features of her Love he wore
When faithful Lizzy home he bore.

THE WOOD HAS WAKENED.

HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN.

The wood has wakened from its dream of night, The fields appear in robes of verdure bright, And the whole world is full of pomp and light.

- "O look above!" the lark's note cries to me;
- "O look around," thus murmur reed and tree,
- "Ere with this fleeting spring, thy spring, too, flee."

How the spring comes and goes I do not see, Nor how the foliage fades on every tree, For only thy dear image dwells with me.

A STREAM OF GOLDEN MOONSHINE.

RUPERTI.

A STREAM of golden moonshine

Over the house now lies,

Where the soft breath of slumber

Has closed my love's dear eyes.

O! may the peace, beloved,

That has forsaken me,

Sink deep into thy bosom,

And ever dwell with thee.

Keep distant every sorrow

From her, ye pale moonbeams!

And weave into her slumber

The sweetest, loveliest dreams.

NOW THE SUN SINKS TO REST.

RUPERTI.

Now the sun sinks to rest;

Be thou, too, hushed, wild heart with care opprest.

Still grows the world, the loud winds are at peace,

In the green boughs the woodbird's notes now cease,

The busy hum of men is heard no more,

The peace of God hovers the wide world o'er,---

Now the sun sinks to rest.

Now rest thou too, wild heart with care opprest.

THE GARISH DAY HAS VANISHED.

REINICK.

The garish day has vanished,

Now comes the silent night;
On the wide vault of heaven
Rise thousand stars of light.

Where earth and sky are blending
In one faint, mist-like band,
The moon sheds gentle radiance
Over the dusky land.

Through all the world a greeting
From shore to shore there flies,
Like a fond kiss of yearning,
That might with prayer uprise,
That lover sends to lover—
Like spirit on bright wings,

That o'er a dear one hovers, While lullabies it sings.

As through the land it hurries,
All would that greeting bear;
Birds sing it to each other,
Trees whisper it to air.
A signal comes from heaven,
And o'er earth, near and far,
The streams begin to glimmer—
Star tells it unto star.

Night! when such spirits wander
In moonlight on the breeze,—
Night! when such voices echo
Through fragrant flowers and trees;—
Night! rich in rest and quiet;
O peaceful summer night!
Two hearts, though far asunder,
Thou surely wilt unite.

DARK CLOUDS ARE FLOATING.

DINGELSTEDT.

Dark clouds are floating high above,
Peeps here and there a star.

Is she awake, mine own dear love—
My love who dwells afar?

Its cradle-song now sings the breeze,
Lattice it shakes, and bough;
I marvel, if my darling sees
In dreams mine image now!

The earth is still, the water sleeps,

The night has banished day;

My burning heart its vigil keeps,

To weep, to love, to pray.

DOST THOU NOT DEEM.

A. MEISSNER.

"Dost thou not deem that yonder they are blest?"
Thus saidst thou, gazing on heaven's brightest star,

Thinking—ah, happiness dwells there afar;
There sorrows cease, there tempests are at rest.
But I replied, "Nay, rather fix thine eyes
On thine own heart, and be thou strong, and know,

Place has no power to cause us joy or woe— That we are here, we should be in the skies.

"This poor world, too, floating in seas of air, Appears, from that bright star in yonder sky, A golden sphere of light, most passing fair." When hearts are breaking there, they gaze on high

Towards our world, and sigh, "Ah! surely there The land of perfect happiness must lie."

THUSNELDA.

HALM.

Captive in Roman tent, Thusnelda's pining,
Around her her companions in despair;
There upon pallid cheeks the tears are shining,
There Sorrow sits in long dishevelled hair.

There chains are clanking, shrieks and groans resounding;

As if in mockery of their grief, they hear
The trumpet's blare in exultation sounding,—
All weep—Thusnelda only sheds no tear.

She thought upon her Hermann's deeds all glorious,

And on the hope that in her bosom lay,

Of Segest, who, unto the foe victorious, In Hermann's wife did his own kin betray.

Upon the threshold of her tent, thus dreaming, She sits, towards her country gazing still,

And sees morn's hopeful light all purple streaming,

Gilding each distant mountain-peak and hill.

Then flames her glance, with pious ardour glowing,

Her bosom heaves and throbs, her pale cheeks flush,

As heard she Weser's sacred waters flowing, Or wind through Teutoburger forest rush.

Up starts she, in the breeze her fair hair blowing,
Like liquid gold around her form it lies;
Prophetic accents from her lips are flowing,
The echo in Germania replies.

- "My people, though in chains, cease lamentation; Although all-powerful the oppressor's might, There lives a God of vengeance and salvation—

 The morning red breaks on the darkest night.
- "In chains no people did for ever languish—
 There came a day when all its fetters broke:
 No race has cowered for ever numbed in anguish—
 There came a day when all its strength awoke.
- "Despair not thou, though angry, fierce dissension The children of thy bosom now divide; Suffering must teach thee to abhor contention— Must to the paths of peace and freedom guide.
- "This yoke was sent to teach thee how to treasure
 That Freedom we can ne'er too dearly love;
 This gloom, that one day thou with double
 pleasure
 Mayst hail the holy sunshine from above.

- "A day will come, when all thy sons, united,
 Will 'neath one banner proudly take their stand;
 'Enough of shame, our wrongs shall be requited!'
 Will to its tyrants cry our German land.
- "A day will come, when Freedom will awaken—Will penetrate thy valleys like the Spring;
 The graves of thy forefathers, long forsaken,
 Will with the tidings of thy victory ring.
- "A day will come, when, as from one breast soaring,

Shouts of revenge will burst upon the air—A day will come, when, like a flood outpouring, Shall rush the pent-up accents of despair.

"Why weep ye? Do not weep; to us hath Heaven,

Though we are fettered by the tyrant's might, A sacred trust for future ages given, To bid them cherish Freedom's holy right.

- "Let then our blood be poured before the Roman;
 His steeds may trample us as prone we lie;
 Be it our boast, though captives to the foeman,
 Still hoped we for the day of Liberty.
- "In our successors we shall live for ever;

 Now have we sown—when home the fruit
 they bear,
- The victors, as our country's chains they sever, Will in that glorious emprise own our share."
- Thusnelda spoke; and many a page of glory
 Narrates how nobly Germany replied.
 Sons of the heroes thus renowned in story,
 Be worthy of their fame when ye are tried.

VERSES FOR AN ALBUM.

HALM.

The rose blooms fair and fragrant,
Then pales and fades away;
Let not thy youthful spirit
Be like the rose, I pray.

Be like the apple-blossom— Let fleeting charms in thee, The pledge of inward treasure, Of fruits the herald be.

And be not like the fountain,

Plashing with babbling song;

In calmness keep thy spirit,

Amid the world's wild throng.

Be like the mighty ocean,

Which 'neath dark floods doth hide

Coral in glistening branches

And pearls in lonely pride.

Not like wax, soft and ductile,

Be moulded thy young heart,

Nor copy every model,

Nor wince at every smart.

Let the bright steel's stern temper
To thine a pattern give,
Upspringing under pressure;
Thus all thy lifetime live.

BY THE STREAM.

HALM.

I walk beside the river,

Upon the barren sand;
I see the limpid waters

Flow by me on the strand,

And see the great ships sailing—
Fast sailing o'er the flood,
And see the green of spring-time
Resting on mead and wood.

Thus in life's restless journey,
Upon the sluggish land,
While waves bear on the others,
With yearning heart I stand.

MELANCHOLY.

HALM.

What fills my heart with trouble,
To you I cannot tell;
For understand you could not,
What makes it throb and swell.

For could I only tell you,

Then I like you should be;

And could you understand it,

You would become like me.

What will you? Said I ever,
Come, my delights to share?
Then, why are your eyes troubled
To see mine dimmed by care?

Why do you heed my sorrow?

O let me weep alone:

Let my heart break, I pray you;

It surely is mine own.

THE SERENADE.

UHLAND.

- " What from my slumber wakens me— What sweet tones echo near?
- O mother, see, what can it be At this late hour I hear?"
- "O slumber, slumber calmly still,
 Nothing I hear or see;
 For now they bring no serenade,
 Poor suffering child, to thee."
- "It is no music of the earth
 That fills me with delight,
 Angels are calling me with song;
 O, mother mine, good-night."

SONG.

STURM.

The river gleams so clear and bright
In the sunlight;
A thousand times more bright and clear
The eyes of my beloved appear.

A rosebud in the garden bed

Is blooming red;

The cheek of my beloved one glows

More rosy than the blushing rose.

The sun, which we in heaven behold,
Spins threads of gold;
But what it spins is not so fair
As my beloved one's golden hair.

The nightingale sings all alone,
In sweetest tone;
That song is not as sweet to me
As my love's whispering, "I love thee."

AND IF THE LOVELY DAY.

STURM.

And if the lovely day has vanished,
With all its beautiful spring light,
The flowerets will not fear to perish
In the long, dreary, starless night.

For all the sunlight poured upon them,

Now fairest dreams around them weaves;

Still the delights of spring rest hidden

Within the blossoms' fragrant leaves.

Thus, O my heart, receive affection;
So may love's influence rest in thee,
That, should the nights be cold and dreary,
Within 'twill always spring-time be.

VINETA.

W. MÜLLER.

Our of ocean's lowest depths are swelling
Chimes of evening bells, so faint and low;
Marvellous legends they are telling
Of that wondrous town of long ago.

In the lap of ocean deeply sunken,
'Neath the waves its ruins still remain;
Pinnacles and spires, with reflex golden,
There, as in a mirror, shine again.

And the sailor, who that magic glimmer

Once hath seen 'neath the clear evening red,

Towards the selfsame bourne must steer for ever,

Though the cliffs around are looming dread.

Out of the heart's inmost depths are swelling

Tones, like sweet bells chiming, faint and low;

Wondrous histories they are telling

Of the love it cherished long ago.

For a world of beauty there is hidden;

There the ruins ever must remain;

Oft, like golden sparks of fire from heaven,

Mirrored in my dreams, they shine again.

And I fain into the deep would plunge me,
Lose myself in the mirage once more;
And, methinks, I hear the angels call me
To that city wonderful of yore.

OCEAN CALM.

GOETHE.

Deepest calm reigns on the water,
Without movement rests the sea,
Which unto the troubled sailor
Seems one smooth expanse to be;
Not a breath from any quarter,
Fearful, silent as the grave;
In the mighty realm of water
Motionless is every wave.

LIFE A DREAM.

SCHERENBERG.

In silver night I lay
And dreamed of golden day;
Waking in golden light,
I dreamed of silver night.

AT FIRST I THOUGHT.

HEINE.

AT first I thought, in my despair, That I my sorrow could not bear; I bore it, and I bear it now, But only do not ask me how.

GRIEF AND LOVE.

HERDER.

In a web the gods were weaving

A tissue of joy and care;

Behold, when the work was finished,

A mortal's heart was there.

IF WE THANKED GOD.

RUCKERT.

If we thanked God for every joy we from His hand receive,

No time would then remain for us over our woes to grieve.

FROM THE SPRING OF LOVE.

RUCKERT.

I said, "'Tis autumn now for me."

"No, it shall be the spring," said she;
As mournfully I groped in night,
She beamed on me with looks of light.

"The roses on my cheek are dead."

"Then I will lend thee mine," she said.

"Canst thou be old, when youth is mine?

Is not my youth, then, dearest, thine?"

COURAGE.

GEIBEL.

O BREAK, my heart, thy fetters, And cease now to despair; Much hast thou borne already, This also thou canst bear.

Now, armed with shining weapons,
Free spirit, go thy way;
A sterner season waits thee
Than love's delightful May.

Though faint and sorrow-stricken,
Press onwards, and be strong;
The swan, thou knowest, dying,
Pours forth its richest song.

NOW THOU MUST SEEK OBLIVION.

ROBERT PRUTZ.

Now thou must seek oblivion,

Must from thy bosom tear

The one beloved image
So fondly cherished there.

Before thee lie green meadows,
Sunshine, and May's bright skies;

But still thou wilt look backwards,—
Still tears bedim thine eyes.

I will endure my sorrow,

But can forget no more

What to my suffering bosom

Such sweet enchantment bore.

Blame not the pious pilgrims,

Who, wrapped in prayer and praise,

Long even after sunset,

Towards the west still gaze.

You cannot reap in autumn

Rich sheaves of ripened grain,

Without the brief spring tempest

Of wind and pelting rain.

Let, then, the tears stream freely,

They fall like showers in spring;

Soon will the golden summer

To me her treasures bring.

HER COMING AND HER PARTING.

LENAU.

Off as she came, her form appeared to me Lovely as earliest green on forest-tree;

And all she said straight to my heart made way, Sweet as in spring the woodland minstrel's lay.

When "Fare thee well," with waving hand, she said,

Methought with her my youth's last dream had fled.

THE TWO ANGELS.

GEIBEL.

Know'st thou, O heart! the two fair sister angels
That have descended to us from above;
Friendship, with her pale lilies, peace bestowing,
And, with her branch of roses, glowing Love?

Dark are Love's locks, her eyes with lustre glowing,

Lovely as spring, dawning in golden light; Friendship is fair, in softer colours blooming, And mild and tranquil as a summer night.

Love is a tossing sea, where, in the tumult, Thousands of dashing billows foaming rise;

- Friendship a mountain lake, whose limpid waters In their clear depths do mirror back the skies.
- Love enters like a flash of gleaming lightning; Friendship steals in, like threads by moonlight spun.
- Love is resolved to win, and keep for ever;
 Friendship makes offerings, but she asks for none.
- But, ah! thrice blessed, thrice blessed the happy bosom,

Where both the sister angels may abide;

Where the bright glowing rose and gentle lily Dwell ever in sweet concord, side by side.

ONLY ONCE MORE.

STURM.

Only once more I fain would tell thee

How dear thou art unto me yet;

How, while my heart still throbs, thine image

It never, never can forget.

But one kind look would I crave from thee;
No word in answer shouldst thou speak;
Nay, silent shouldst thou stand before me,
Thy lashes resting on thy cheek.

But I would fold mine hands, and lay them
Upon that lovely head of thine,
And pray that God would give thy spirit
That peace which thou hast robbed from mine.

SIEGFRIED'S SWORD.

UHLAND.

Young Siegfried's heart was full of pride: He from his father's castle hied;

Could not rest in his father's home, But over the wide world would roam.

There met him many a brave knight, With massive shield and broadsword bright.

Only a staff young Siegfried bore; This chafed and vexed his spirit sore.

And as he went through the dark wood, Soon came he where a smithy stood.

Plenty of iron and steel was there; The fire was blazing in the air. "Good master, listen now to me, And let me thine apprentice be;

"And teach thou me, with skill and care, How they the good broadswords prepare."

Young Siegfried swung the hammer round— He smote the anvil to the ground.

He smote so that the woodlands rang, And all the iron to pieces sprang.

From the last bar of iron he made

A good broadsword—a gleaming blade.

- "Now have I forged a broadsword bright, Now I'm a match for any knight.
- "Now, like a hero, will I kill Giants and dragons in forest and hill."

THE LAST ROSE.

GOTTSCHALL.

THERE, by the casement, withers the last rose.

Farewell! now fare thee well, O thou poor child!

Tearless art thou, while the bleak north wind blows

An icy greeting to thee, stern and wild.

The bleak north wind; it shakes the window-pane:

It shakes it as with fingers numbed and cold.

Unto the weeping window it would fain The cruel dealings of the world unfold. No saving dew will sink on thy fair head,

Sweet rose; for anguish was thy chalice made.

Tears we have both forgotten how to shed;

We are so young, and yet so soon must fade.

RETRIBUTION.

UHLAND.

THE serf his noble lord hath slain; Become a knight the serf would fain.

In the dark wood the knight he slew; In the deep Rhine the corpse he threw.

Then put he on the armour bright; Bestrode the charger of the knight.

As o'er the bridge to pass he tried, The charger reared and plunged aside.

With the gold spur he pricked its flank; It threw him—in the stream he sank.

With hand and foot he tried to swim; The coat of mail o'ermastered him.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

FREILIGRATH.

An angel stood beside a cradle,
Radiant his countenance did beam;
It was as if he saw his features
Reflected in some placid stream.

- "Child, so like me," thus spake the angel,
 "Soar to eternal light with me;
 The world can offer thee but sorrow.
 Come! earth is all unworthy thee.
- "Here thou wilt only live to suffer; Even earth's raptures hide a sting. An undertone of sorrow mingles In songs the happiest mortals sing.

- "And can it be that gloomy sorrow
 Will brood on this pure open brow?
 And must tears dim the liquid azure
 Of those dear eyes so tranquil now?
- "No! Follow me, and I will lead thee
 Where burning suns round suns revolve;
 The Lord will spare thee years of trial—
 Will thee from taint of sin absolve.
- "Let those who lose their dearest treasure, Not weep that thou dost quit this earth, But watch thee go, with feelings grateful As those which hailed thee at thy birth.
- "Let not their brows reveal the tidings
 That here a spirit passed away.
 O come! for him who dieth sinless,
 His last is far his brightest day."

Outstretching, then, his snowy pinions,
The angel, soaring to the skies,
Rose to the Godhead's throne eternal.
Poor mother! dead thine infant lies.

TO THE SACRED QUIET.

SCHILLER.

To the sacred quiet of thy bosom

Thou must flee from life's tumultuous throng;

Only in the realm of dreams is freedom,

And true beauty only lives in song.

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